

To RS

7/31/64

EASTER POEM

by Louise Gluck

Intercede for God,
forgetting prophets to predict despair
for the ungracious animal described as Man:
had it not, a cross, ripped across the air,
He upon; did it not, death, seem to be
presiding over body?

Yes to prophets, thus had seemed, seems again,
the vast earth annually mourns and then
it intercedes, light,
and attending any sign that He
still lives, Christ, we
shall hear speaking
Spring,
of the rising,
seed (the stirring of) of His recurring life.

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